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Art Editor *Harald Hall*

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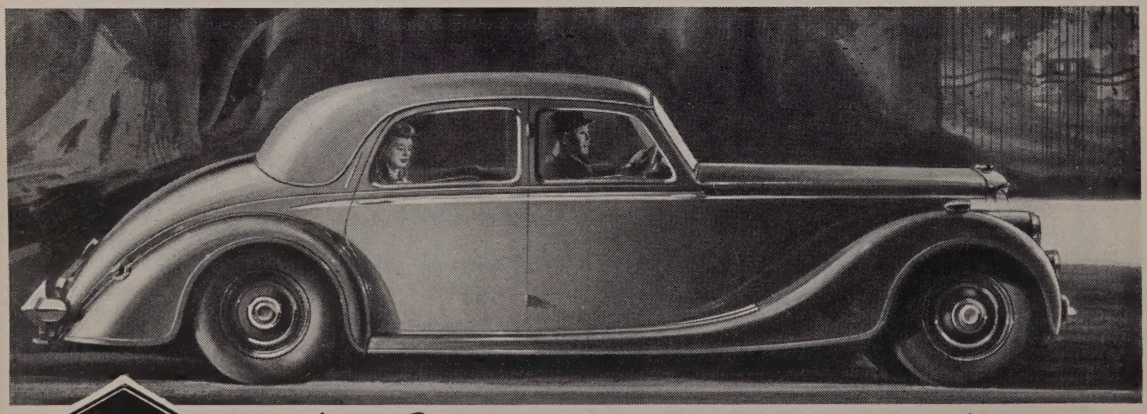
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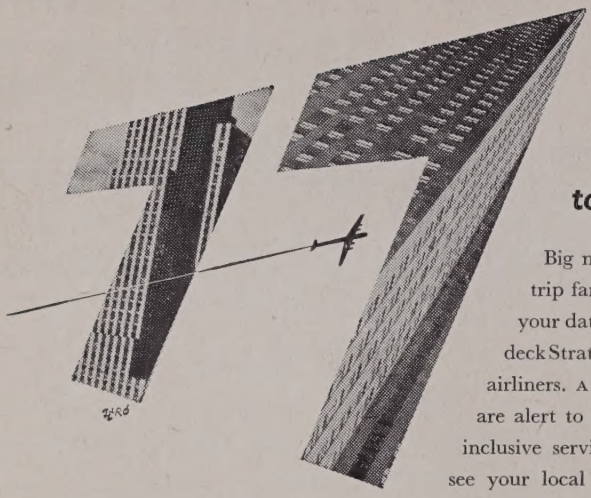
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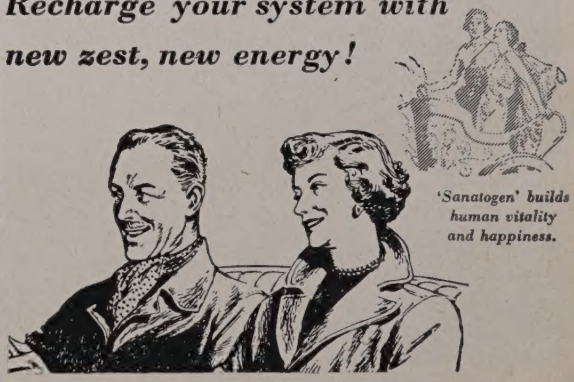
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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Graham Hutton made Central and South Eastern Europe his hunting-ground both before and during his Assistant Editorship of *The Economist* in the thirties, and North America from 1937 onwards. A broadcaster in many countries, he served both in England and in Chicago during the war. He lives near Oxford with his wife and three daughters and his interests, he tells us, range from riding to church architecture, from music to archaeology.

George Martelli was intended for a naval career, but resigned his commission in 1930 and became a journalist specializing in foreign affairs. He bought a small farm during the war and now writes about farming, being at present engaged in a book on reclamation in East Anglia. His publications include two novels and two political works.

E. M. Nicholson has been Secretary of the Office of the Lord President of the Council since 1945. As an ornithologist, he was responsible for the first national bird census in Britain—the 1928 census of Heronries. Among his scientific papers and books probably the best-known are two on *Songs of Wild Birds* with gramophone records by Ludwig Koch.

S/Ldr. G. B. Walford has undertaken many varied duties, including Islamic studies in the Middle East, since joining the Royal Air Force in 1937. Daylight low-level reconnaissance sorties over the Continent in wartime accustomed him to "looking over the side"; a habit he recently put to use as commander of the R.A.F. Antarctic Flight.

Lord Kinross was Information Secretary at the British Embassy in Cairo from 1944 to 1947. As Patrick Balfour he has published two books of travel: *Grand Tour*, covering a pre-war journey by car through Afghanistan to India, and subsequently to Nepal, Malaya, Siam and Indo-China; and *Lords of the Equator*, an account of a journey across Central Africa.

Geoffrey Grigson is a poet, critic and broadcaster who has travelled into many odd corners of Europe from Iceland to Sardinia. His books include *Places of the Mind* about Wales, Dalmatia, Iceland, Sardinia, Ireland, and the Canary Islands, and a recent book on the Isles of Scilly. His autobiography *The Crest on the Silver* will be published shortly.

Dorothy Carrington inherited a taste for travel from her father, a general of the Matabele Wars. After reading English literature at Oxford, she travelled in Africa where she began writing short stories in a native hut because there was nothing to read. She is married to Sir Francis Rose, the painter.

Patrick Leigh Fermor before the war, from the age of eighteen, wandered all over Europe, from Rotterdam to Constantinople. He rode on horseback through Bessarabia and travelled by caique among the Greek islands. In 1948 and 1949 he made a journey through the Caribbean and Central American Republics; the present article is a result.

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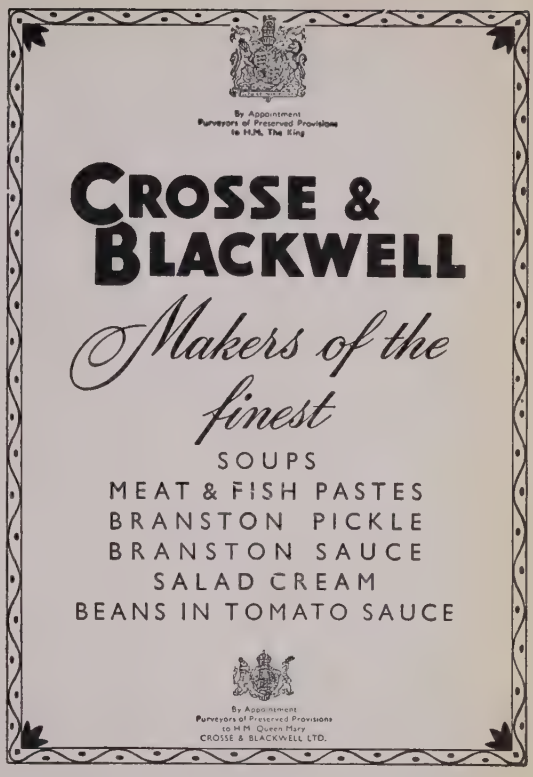
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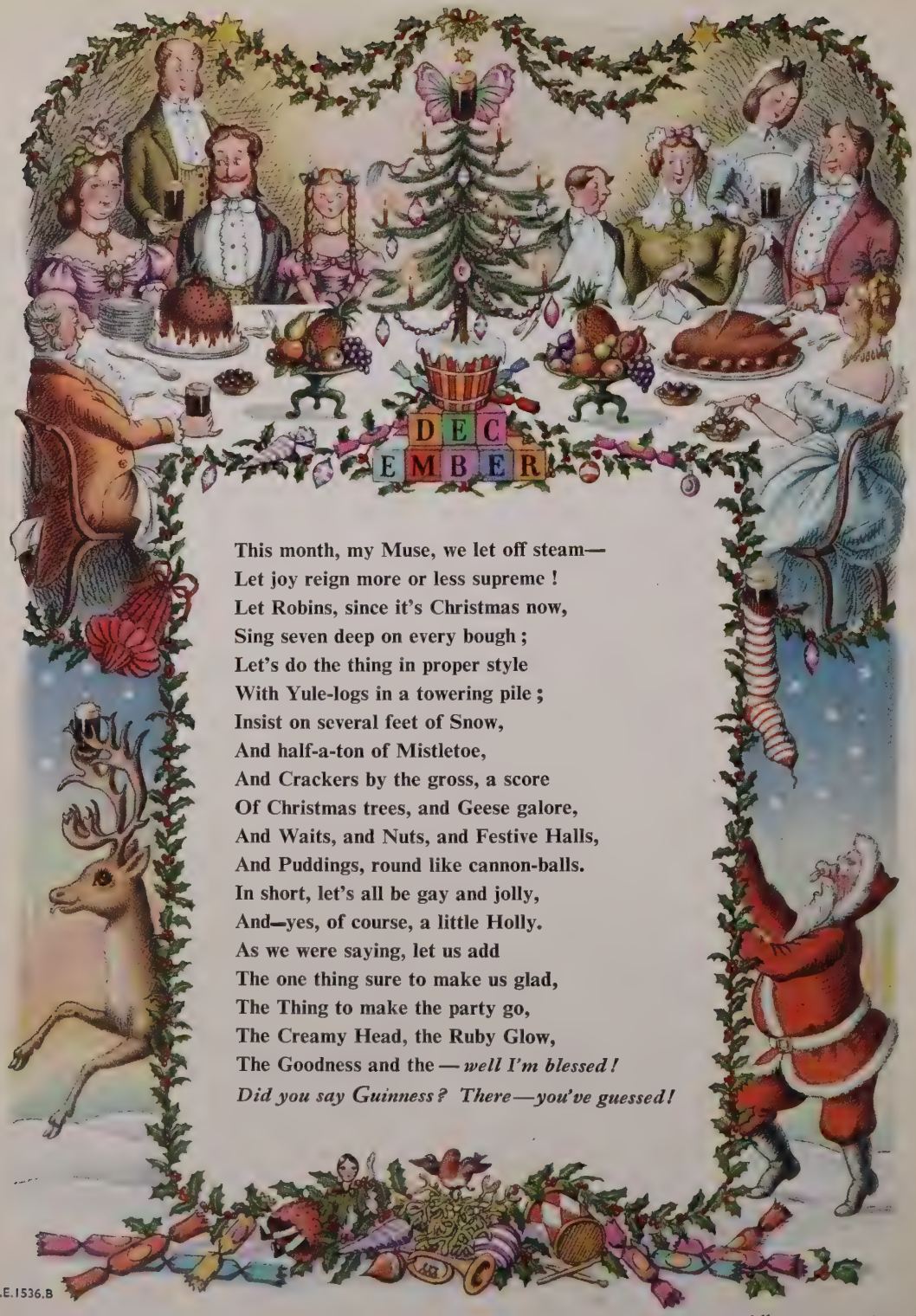
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This month, my Muse, we let off steam—
Let joy reign more or less supreme !
Let Robins, since it's Christmas now,
Sing seven deep on every bough ;
Let's do the thing in proper style
With Yule-logs in a towering pile ;
Insist on several feet of Snow,
And half-a-ton of Mistletoe,
And Crackers by the gross, a score
Of Christmas trees, and Geese galore,
And Waits, and Nuts, and Festive Halls,
And Puddings, round like cannon-balls.
In short, let's all be gay and jolly,
And—yes, of course, a little Holly.
As we were saying, let us add
The one thing sure to make us glad,
The Thing to make the party go,
The Creamy Head, the Ruby Glow,
The Goodness and the — *well I'm blessed !*
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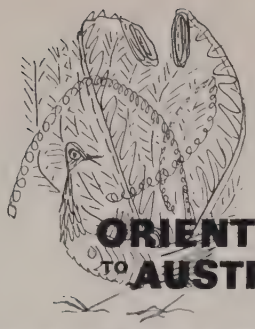
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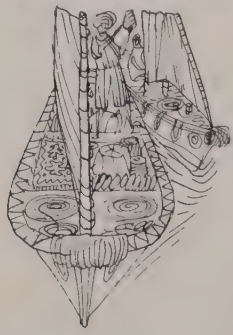


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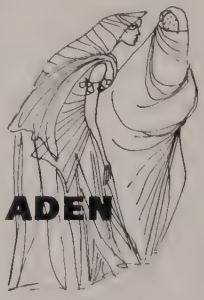


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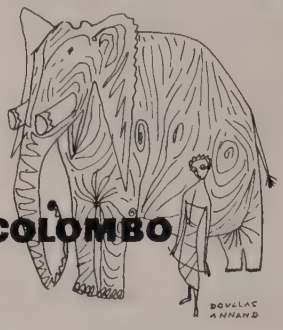




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The Maroons of Accompong

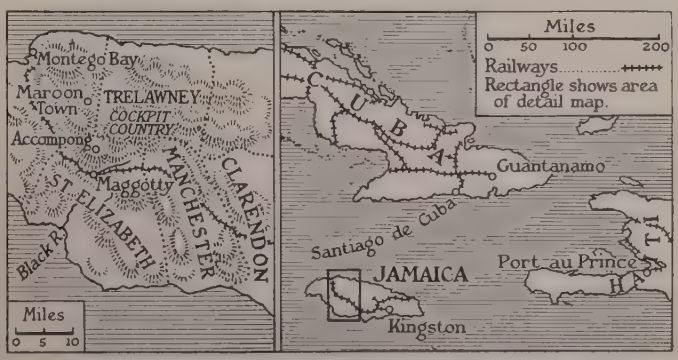
by RONALD MITCHELL

NEAR the centre of the island of Jamaica, somewhere overlapping the parishes of Trelawney, Manchester and St Elizabeth, lies the Cockpit Country, a region of thickly-wooded and steep-sided limestone hills, providing a stretch of country which is less inviting and more inaccessible to the traveller than a casual glance at the map would imply. On its southern edge lies Accompong, a village inhabited by the Maroons, descendants of the old Spanish slaves, whose turbulent history is such a remarkable background to their peaceful hilltop settlement of today. The railway from Kingston to Montego Bay passes through countryside similar to the great Cockpits (though somewhat more gentle), and some six miles south of the Maroon settlement is the nearest station of Maggotty. Maggotty is simply a small market village, and from there the track up to Accompong is a hard climb of great splendour, with views between the hills to the sugar plantations and the flat green plains of the upper Black River to the east.

For the most part, the track is through woodland, but all around is the scenery which even defies the admirable description of Jamaica that Columbus is reputed to have offered with a crumpled piece of paper. Then there is a final steep climb into the village itself.

The story of how this little settlement was born and how it has survived for nearly three centuries is more than simply one of the anecdotes of colonial history. When the British drove the Spaniards from the island in 1655, about fifteen hundred of the Spanish-owned slaves made their escape to the mountains, and there began to wage a desultory hit-and-run warfare against the occupying British. They originated for the most part from Cormantyn in West Africa, which accounts for the survival today of Ashanti day-names and other words amongst the Maroons. At the end of the century, their guerilla activities were encouraged by the insurrection of more slaves in the parish of Clarendon, many of whom escaped to the hills to join them. Thus strengthened, and with the common language of Cormantyn to keep them together, they soon became a formidable striking force which perfected the technique of jungle warfare some two hundred and fifty years before the Burma campaign in the recent war. In 1733 the government, brought at last to action, organized resistance from advance posts in the interior by regulars and militia of the colonial army. But these troops were at first totally perplexed by the Maroons' tactics of surprise and ambush, as they marched to battle (according to a writer of a century later) " in proper regimentals and sometimes had even the absurdity to traverse the mountain roads with drums beating". Their red coats were perfect targets against the green of the trees, for, as the writer continues, the Maroons were fine marksmen. "Out of a party of ten regular soldiers who were cut off by an ambuscade of the Maroons, six were shot through the head." It was a war between well-equipped regular soldiers and a ragged tribe, whose desperate shortage of food and ammunition left them with little but their skill as musketeers.

The end came abruptly in 1738 when two British officers sought the surrender of Cudjoe, the Maroon leader. R. C. Dallas, a contemporary chronicler, giving this description of Cudjoe, describes well the general appearance of the average Maroon. He "was rather a short man, uncommonly stout with very strong African features and a peculiar wildness in his manners. He had a very large lump of flesh upon his back which was partly covered by the tattered remains



A. J. Thornton



All photographs by the author

Accompong, centre of the Maroon community of Jamaica, looking north towards a rum shop. The road leads to Maggotty, a market village six miles away; a broken-stone surface is being laid on it

of an old blue coat . . . round his head was tied a scanty piece of white cloth, so very dirty that its original use might have been doubted. He had on a pair of loose drawers that did not reach his knees and a small round hat with the rims pared so close to the crown that it might have been taken from a calibash, being worn exactly to the rotundity of his head. On his right side hung a cow's horn with some powder and a huge bag of large cut slugs. On his left side he wore a mushet or couteau three inches broad in a leather sheath, suspended under his arm. . . . He had no shirt on and his clothes such as they were as well as the part of the skin that was exposed were covered with the red dirt of the Cockpits resembling oker".

The officers drew up a treaty granting to Cudjoe and his men, according to the Journals of the Assembly of Jamaica, "all the lands situate and lying between Trelawney Town and the Cockpits to the amount of fifteen hundred acres" in which they could settle, farm the land, administer their own justice and enjoy freedom from all government taxes, provided that their behaviour was peaceful and well-regulated. This grant of land was surveyed in 1773 and named after their first peacetime chief, Colonel Accompong, since whom there have been nine 'colonels', each holding the chieftainship from election until death (with the exception of the last but one who retired after a dispute over some point of honour).

After the treaty, the Maroons for a short while were a great asset to Jamaica. They helped to suppress the slave rebellions of 1760 and 1766; they were fully prepared to defend the island against the threat of French invasion towards the end of the century, and John Reeder, one of their number, was the man who was responsible for running to death the notorious bandit "Three-fingered Jack".

That, briefly, is the story of how the Maroon settlement of Accompong came into existence, and, although there are other Maroon villages on the island, Accompong is now by far the most important. The boundaries have remained more or less as they were surveyed, and up to 1939, when





(Above) *The schoolmaster's house is an example of Maroon building craftsmanship. A shingle roof of local timber is standard: the beams and rafters, often carved and ornamented, are of Sweetwood and Bully Tree, the shingles of Sweetwood or Mahoe. Walls are usually made of a mixture of red earth and lime in equal proportions; and finally whitewashed.* (Right) *Colonel Robertson, the tenth Colonel of the Maroons and chief of the settlement of Accompong, succeeded his predecessor Colonel Rowe in 1939. Small, quiet, and unassuming, he is always seen smoking a pipe. He reads and writes well and took a keen interest in the last war*

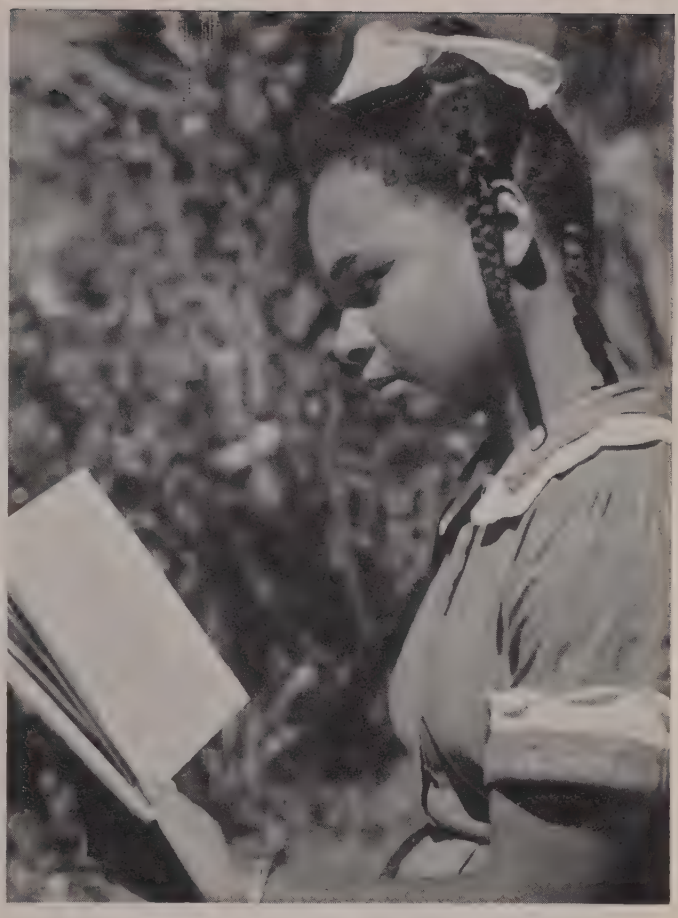




School for young Maroons of Accompong in Jamaica means one large room (the Presbyterian church on Sundays, with a minister from 'outside') in which a hundred of them form four classes. They welcome all visitors with a rendering of God save the King. *Mr Frazer, the Jamaican teacher, is on the extreme left of the upper picture, his assistants are on the right*

the present Colonel Robertson was elected, the Maroons held their own court sessions on the hilltop under the rights of the old treaty, dispensing justice with the cat-o'-nine-tails, in the happily rare instances when there was any crime. More recently, however, there has been a tendency for them to take their cases to court in Maggotty, although it has turned out to be an ill-afforded expense and is helping towards the gradual breakdown of their independence by challenging the traditional authority and wisdom of their colonels. Emigration from the settlement is a disturbing indication of this; many of the young men prefer the town life of Kingston or Montego Bay, along with its compulsion to pay taxes, to the simple tax-free life of the hills.

Although they were originally landless hunters, they soon began to change their economy to that of cultivation, not, it would seem, without a certain reluctance, according to a further observation by Dallas who commented on life in a nearby Maroon village: "Many of them were negligent of the more certain modes of labour, for they were strangers to the passions which stimulate superfluous industry. They had cattle and hogs, and raised a great quantity of fowls. [They enjoyed] the luxuries afforded by the woods; the wild boar, ring-tail pigeons and other wild birds and the land-crab. . . We may doubt whether the palate of Apicius would not have received higher gratification in Trelawney Town [now Maroon Town] than at Rome."



Not only reading and writing, but also basket-weaving with thatch-palm leaves are taught by this Accompong assistant school-teacher, still in her middle teens

They now grow all the usual ground provisions such as yam, sweet potato, cassava, the tree fruits in great abundance and variety, pimento and coffee and tobacco (which is sold as 'jackass rope' at two or three pence a yard). All this is carried by mule or on the head down the long rough road to Maggotty market, where the proceeds buy the necessities of life, lamp oil, clothes or a new machete. Yet the settlement is not entirely dependent on the outside world for its immediate purchases. There is an admirable little bakery on the hilltop not far from the court-house and at least four rum shops where politics are discussed, the rights and wrongs of new land disputes are argued, or where the housewife may exchange two pounds of coffee beans for a pound of saltfish and credit. Much of the marketing of easily-handled commodities is done through the rum shops.

Because the Maroons pay no taxes, they are entitled to no government services. Theoretically they can receive no hospital treatment, no educational facilities, no electricity and no help in the construction of a suitable water supply system, although the first two items, subject to certain conditions, are allowed. Perhaps it is a consequence of their isolation that time means so little to them throughout the week. On Saturday mornings, however, they seem different people. The activity is astonishing when they prepare in a regular burst of enthusiasm to reach the market before the sun lights the track to Maggotty. The atmosphere of kindness and simple charm that makes living amongst them such a pleasure is indeed a happy, if unexpected, outcome of the troubled beginnings of this little community.

Portraits of Flowers

by WILFRID BLUNT

An exhibition of Flower Books, organized by Mr Blunt, is now being held at the National Book League. The colour-plates accompanying the following article are reproduced by permission of Adprint and the Editors of the New Naturalist *Series, published by Collins, in which they will soon appear as illustrations to a volume by Mr Blunt entitled* The Art of Botanical Illustration

FLOWER-paintings have been made at different times by diverse types of artists and for diverse purposes: by bold explorers in the cause of science, and by timid spinsters to the glory of God; to record the humble wild flowers of our homeland, and to make known the gaudy exotics of distant countries; to train the eye of the botanist; to bring knowledge within the reach of the student, or a moment of fleeting pleasure to princes. In a short sketch I shall try to show some of the ways in which this art of botanical illustration has been pursued.

Interest in plants was originally centred largely in their medicinal qualities, and the first botanical picture-books, therefore, were primarily intended to assist the searcher after 'simples'. No doubt Greek and Roman herbals, whose texts we still possess, were illustrated; but the earliest surviving work of this kind is a copy of a treatise by the Greek writer Dioscorides made in Constantinople at the beginning of the 6th century A.D. The pictures which illustrate this remarkable book have almost certainly been copied from earlier manuscripts.

This vicious practice of copying and recopying continued throughout the Dark Ages, till by the 13th century the figures had become almost wholly unrecognizable. But with the dawn of a new interest in Nature, artists began to turn once more to the flowers themselves for their models. At the beginning of the 15th century, the Venetian herbalist Rinio employed the services of a painter named Andrea Amadio to illustrate his works; his naturalistic portraits of flowers, which won the praise of Ruskin, may still be seen in the St Mark's Library at Venice. Soon the great Florentine and Flemish painters were setting exquisite flowers in their landscapes or in jars at the feet of their Madonnas. Moreover, famous artists such as Leonardo and Dürer were not too proud to make beautiful and faithful studies of common wild flowers. About the same time, too, the borders of illuminated manuscripts, which had formerly contained only stylised types of foliage, began to include delightful and naturalistically treated flowers. In this field, French and Flemish painters were particularly successful (page 9).

Yet the first printed herbals, almost contemporary with these naturalistic works, were still perpetuating the stylised figures of an earlier age. The publication in 1530, by a German named Otto Brunfels, of a herbal entirely illustrated with naturalistic woodcuts of plants, marks an epoch in the history of botanical illustration, and during the 16th century many magnificent books of this kind were produced in Germany, Flanders and elsewhere.

Towards the close of the 16th century, a growing interest in floriculture—the pursuit, in other words, of the *beautiful* rather than the *useful*—began to be felt throughout Europe. The fenced mediaeval garden, with its emphasis on herbs and vegetables, was giving way to the formal renaissance garden with intricate parterres set with lilies, tulips and crown imperials. Soon wealthy patrons created a demand for hand-painted flower-books (*florilegia*) to record the treasures of their collections. An example of this kind of work is shown on page 11, which is taken from one of two lovely volumes made by Iohann Walther, a Strasbourg artist, for Count Johann of Nassau whose castle was at Idstein near Frankfurt-am-Main. I know of few volumes so evocative of a past and golden age of horticulture. His frontispiece gives us a panorama of the garden and, in the foreground, proudly posed against the little paradise he has created, the Count himself with his wife and young daughter. A French work, rather earlier in date (page 10), shows us that humbler plants were not despised. During this period, fine etched and metal-engraved florilegia catered for the requirements of flower-lovers of more modest means.

The 17th century also witnessed the birth



Rubus fruticosus, *from the earliest herbal extant, the* Codex Vindobonensis *of A.D. 512. This great folio, a copy of a treatise by Dioscorides, a Greek medical man of the 1st century A.D., was found in Constantinople in 1562 by Busbecq, Ambassador from the Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand I to the Court of Suleiman the Magnificent. Though the book was in a battered state, its owner, the son of the Sultan's Jewish doctor, demanded a price beyond Busbecq's means and the actual purchaser was no doubt the Emperor himself. Some of the figures in this Codex are almost certainly derived from the designs of Krateuas, body-physician to Mithridates VI (120-63 B.C.) of Pontus and the 'father' of botanical illustration*

By courtesy of the Director of the National Library, Vienna

of the Flemish and Dutch flower-piece. The stiff and formal posies of Jan ("Velvet") Breughel are characteristic of its first phase. Gradually, however, restraint was thrown aside. With Jan van Huysum, at the beginning of the 18th century, virtuosity reached its zenith: with a dexterity never surpassed, he fills his canvases with great tumbled sprays of blossom tricked out with *trompe-l'oeil* dewdrops, with gleaming leaves bearing insects so lifelike that one is perplexed by their immobility.

England had so far contributed but little to the development of botanical illustration. Such popular books as Gerard's *Herball* and Parkinson's *Paradisus* had in the main been illustrated by blocks borrowed from abroad or by figures adapted from continental woodcuts. The first great English flower-painter—and I think we may be allowed to claim him as English, for like Handel he spent most of his working life in this country—was the German-born Georg Dionysius Ehret (1708-70). Though he illustrated a number of printed books, his chief claim to fame lies in the hundreds of superb paintings on vellum which he made of the popular garden flowers of his day (page 12). His treatment is invariably decorative, but he never sacrifices botanical accuracy. The Print Room of the Victoria and Albert Museum possesses about eighty of his finest works (as well, incidentally, as Walther's lovely albums); there could be no better introduction to the

study of flower-painting than an afternoon spent among these treasures.

In France, royal patronage did much to encourage botanical art. Under Louis XIV, official flower-painters were attached to the court, and in time a magnificent corpus of paintings was formed—a collection which is now in the Muséum of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. Though the earlier artists—Rabel, Robert and Aubriet—were second to none in brilliance, it is the painter Redouté whose work is best known in this country. Financed by the flower-loving Empress Josephine, the "*Raphaël des Fleurs*"—as Redouté was called—produced some of the most splendid flower-books ever published. The technique used for the reproduction of his paintings—stipple engraving printed in colour and retouched by hand with water-colour—is the most perfect non-mechanical method of engraving devised by man. Redouté's most popular work is his *Roses*; but though his books on garden flowers are most prized by collectors, we can see that he accorded the same care and attention to what gardeners would dismiss scornfully as "mere weeds" (page 13). Redouté made great sums by his flower-paintings; but he lived beyond his means and died in poverty in 1840. Though much praiseworthy and careful botanical illustration has been made in France during the last hundred years (and we must not forget the glowing flower-pieces of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists), the great age of the French flower-book closed with his death.

England, once she had entered the field with Ehret in the early 18th century, soon rose to a position equal to that of France. Yet once again her two greatest artists—perhaps the finest botanical painters of all times—were of Germanic origin. The brothers Francis and Ferdinand Bauer were born at Feldsberg, near Vienna. Francis, the elder brother (b. 1758), came to England as a young man and spent fifty years at Kew making records of the new plants introduced by the travellers and navigators of the reign of George III; Ferdinand, a more adventurous spirit, accompanied Sibthorp on his first botanical expedition to the Levant, and Matthew Flinders on his audacious voyage to Australasia. The botanical discoveries of the first of these expeditions were published in Sibthorp's rare *Flora Graeca* (1806-40), the original drawings for which are in the Oxford Botanic Gardens (page 14). If we are tempted to find Francis's work the more dazzling, we must remember the difficulties under which Ferdinand was often obliged to labour.

Probably the most celebrated of all British florilegia is Thornton's *Temple of Flora* (page 15). The book is admittedly of little importance botanically, but its spectacular plates, which show flowers set in their (alleged) natural surroundings, are justly renowned. Thornton, who was a doctor by profession, risked everything in this great venture; its financial failure was not redeemed by the gigantic "Royal Botanic Lottery" which he organized, and he died almost penniless.

In 1787, William Curtis, author of another beautiful but also unlucrative work, the *Flora Londinensis* (1777-87), successfully attempted to recoup his losses by publishing a *Botanical Magazine* (page 13). This great work, which has continued almost without interruption up to the present day, was the first, and has remained the most important, of the hundreds of similar publications which flooded the market during the 19th century. Its success was immediate: as Curtis himself said, it brought him "pudding" whereas the *Flora Londinensis* had only brought him praise. The finest botanical artists of the day have always been employed to make the drawings for the plates that illustrate it.

It is impossible to give more than a brief indication of some of the many types of flower-books produced in England during the 19th century. Besides horticultural periodicals, we encounter sentimental flower-books, botanical drawing-books for the instruction of young ladies, splendid folios for wealthy amateurs and scientific works for students. Popular interest was never more widespread in England than at this time; nor has it waned in the present century, and the demand for beautiful flower-books has continued to produce a supply. Alfred Parsons's delightful set of drawings of roses for Mrs Willmott's *The Genus Rosa* (1910-14) is an example of recent work which suffers little if at all by comparison with that of earlier ages.

But what of the future? Photography, we must frankly admit, is now doing much of the work for which formerly a botanical draughtsman would have been employed. And it is doing it very well indeed. But for scientific purposes there are certain things—enlarged dissections of plants, for instance—which the artist still does better than the camera. That the *Botanical Magazine* continues to employ artists to make its illustrations is ample evidence that even in a mechanical age there is still, thank heaven, a place for honest craftsmanship.



By courtesy of the Curators of The Bodleian Library

By courtesy of the Director of the St Mark's Library, Venice

Until the 15th century, artists had been content to copy flowers from earlier manuscripts; thereafter they turned to Nature for their models. French and Flemish illuminations were outstanding. (Inner) *An illuminated page from a Book of Hours, c. 1480, by the Master of Mary of Burgundy, with poppies.* (Outer) *Roses in an illuminated border from the Grimani Breviary, c. 1510, of the Bruges-Ghent School*



By courtesy of William Price, Esq.

Dusky Crane's-bill, etc. *1608. A water-colour drawing, probably by Le Roy de la Boissière, showing us that "humbler plants were not despised"*



By courtesy of the Director of the Victoria & Albert Museum

Carnations, *1654, by Johann Walther. The volume containing this painting records the change from the mediaeval herb-garden to the floral parterres of the Renaissance*



By courtesy of the Director of the Victoria & Albert Museum

Auricula "Duke of Cumberland", *1740, by Georg Dionysius Ehret, the first great English flower-painter and an artist who never sacrificed botanical accuracy to decorative effect*



Succory, *from* La Botanique de J. J. Rousseau, *1805. A stipple engraving after a painting by P. J. Redouté, the last of the great French flower illustrators and the best-known in England. This plate shows he gave as much care to "mere weeds" as to garden flowers*



Campanula rapunculoides, *1826. A water-colour drawing by John Curtis for the* Botanical Magazine *founded by William Curtis in 1787. Always employing the best artists, it was the first and is still the most important of many similar publications*



By courtesy of the Sherardian Professor of Botany, University of Oxford

Helleborus cyclophyllus, *a Greek Hellebore. Water-colour drawing by Ferdinand Bauer for J. Sibthorp's* Flora Graeca, *1806-40. The artist and his brother Francis were the greatest botanical painters who ever worked in England and perhaps the finest the world has yet seen*

Tulips. *A mezzotint, printed in colour and finished with water-colour, after an oil-painting by Philip Reinagle, in R. Thornton's* Temple of Flora, *1799-1807. Of little importance botanically, the book has spectacular plates which are justly renowned. It was, however, a financial failure and Thornton, a doctor by profession, died a poor man*





By courtesy of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society

Rosa eglanteria, *var.* '*Janet's Pride*'. *Water-colour drawing by Alfred Parsons for Ellen Willmott's* The Genus Rosa, *1910-14; work which compares well with that of earlier ages*

Tribal Religion and Magic in Middle India

by DR VERRIER ELWIN

Dr Elwin has been engaged in research and welfare work among the tribesmen of east-central India for many years and has written a number of books about them. In our November 1949 and February 1950 numbers he dealt with their dances and daily occupations. He is a member of the Tribal Art Research Unit, which is concerned with the cultural life of aboriginal India and South-East Asia

RECENT articles in *The Geographical Magazine* have given some account of the life and recreations of the aboriginal tribesmen of Middle India, and I propose now to say something about their religion. Throughout the area, cult and practice, in spite of many local differences in detail, is fundamentally the same. It may be defined as a symbiosis of very old indigenous beliefs and practices with the traditions of modern village Hinduism. There is nearly always some sort of a Supreme Being, often with a Sanskrit name, often equated with the Sun, of limited power and somewhat ambiguous character, who has below him, but not subject to his control, a large number of departmental and local demigods presiding over stream and forest, village and home. The unseen world is still further populated by demons or furies and the uneasy ghosts of the recently dead, who make their presence known by ruining the crops, sending wild animals to harry the cattle, and afflicting the living with disease.

The tribesmen deal with these tiresome intruders on their otherwise happy and fairly prosperous existence through "shamans" (magicians) who detect the cause of any trouble and priests who conduct the prescribed ritual. Feasts and holidays, often with the serious purpose of improving the fertility of the crops, diversify the somewhat monotonous routine of the agricultural year; their most obvious features are a stress on various taboos, a ceremonial hunt, a ritual brewing of beer or distillation of spirit, the partaking of sacramental food, and the consecration of seed.

On the whole, the shaman is more important than the priest. The priest is for routine, the shaman for emergency. The priest provides the ordered background of religious life; but the shaman is the warrior, the spiritual hero who takes arms against all the malignant forces of nature and super-nature.

For magic is a necessity in a world where nothing happens by chance, where every happening derives from some secret supernatural cause. If the milk turns sour, a witch has cast a spell upon it. If a child falls ill, some hostile spirit has attacked him. If a tiger kills a bullock, it is because some enemy has sent it. Nothing happens by chance; nature has always something up her sleeve. In this world of danger and frustration, therefore, the shaman is of enormous importance. His primary duty is, of course, to fight disease and death, to diagnose the cause and then defeat it. But he must also make the course of love run smoothly; he must stimulate the growth of crops and protect them from hail and storm and jungle pig; he must keep cows from straying; he must direct the arrow to its mark; he must lay the ghost of the dead, shut the tiger's mouth, protect from snake and scorpion and even guard against the exactions of officials. For these tribesmen the religion of animism takes the form of a gallant battle against the mysterious enemies of mankind, enemies that lurk behind every tree and stone. A man like the great Baiga Pachlu assumed in the eyes of his people the attributes of a hero as, armed only with the frail weapons of his measuring-reeds and winnowing-fan, he proved himself a match for the unseen furies.

Methods of diagnosis may take many different forms. They are nearly all associated with some form of trance, during which—it is believed—the appropriate god or spirit comes upon the shaman and speaks to him directly, telling him what is the matter and what is to be done. This condition is often attained by the rhythmical recitation of set forms of words, sometimes by gazing at a bright light. The shaman may take a bow and swing it to and fro; he may put rice in a winnowing-fan and rub it round and round; he may swing himself, with ever-increasing energy, to and fro in a swing—when he can



Pachlu, a famous Baiga magician, who in 1937 claimed to be 140 years old (a less romantic estimate would allow him to be about 85). For the aboriginal tribesmen of Middle India all events are caused by some secret supernatural agent; and the "shaman" or magician is the warrior who fights the malignant forces of nature and super-nature. To his people Pachlu was a hero who, with winnowing-fan and measuring-reeds, worsted the invisible demons, and was specially famous for his control of tigers. He was also a fascinating, witty talker and an acute critic of modern life

hotographs by the author

sit in comfort on the iron spikes in the seat it is a sign that he has reached that stage of spiritual anaesthesia which is associated in many religions with this condition. The Saoras use a beautifully decorated instrument whose music quickly sends them into ecstasy. I once watched a Saora priestess go through a long series of movements with an earthen pot, which she tossed up and down and into which she whispered until she found the answer that she sought.

Other methods of divination resemble European table-turning. The shaman holds a lamp in his hand and asks it questions. If it swings one way, the answer is "Yes"; if the other, the answer is "No". He may take sticks from a broom and measure them, or fill and refill a pot with rice, the level of the grain giving the answer. To discover what ancestor has been reborn in a baby, the parents place a chicken-bone in its hand and then tell the names of everyone they can think of: when the child clutches the bone it is accepted as a sign that the solution has been found.

When the shaman has discovered the cause of the disease or indeed of any other trouble, he proceeds to treatment. This too may take many different forms. The most common is a straightforward sacrifice. The shamans are expert on this and there is an established tariff which works, not according to the severity of the trouble, but in relation to the spirit which is causing it. You cannot say, for example, that to cure a bad cold will cost you a chicken and an attack

of leprosy a goat; it is rather that one kind of god can only be satisfied with liquor, another with birds, yet another with a goat or buffalo. The shaman too has to know the colour that is required; it is no use offering Lingo a black pig when what he wants is a white cock. Any mistake in the technical machinery of sacrifice is regarded as very dangerous.

In association with animal sacrifice, other offerings may be made. The Saoras frequently suspend from their roofs small earthen pots containing rice and decorated with leaves, which remain as a permanent record of what has been done. The Saoras too have a very interesting practice of making elaborate drawings on the walls of their houses in honour of any god or ghost that may have attacked them. These drawings are intended to flatter the unseen spirit; they show his palace in the other world, his servants, his pet animals—perhaps even his aeroplane or motor-car.

Disease is sometimes supposed to have been caused by a material substance which has been sent by an enemy into one's body. In such cases direct 'medical' treatment must be adopted: some of the methods are illustrated here. In one picture a Kond magician is seen treating a patient by applying an arrow to his stomach, which, he said, was full of poisoned blood. He sucked the end of the arrow and spat out a quantity of blood, which he claimed to have extracted. Another illustration shows a Saora magician removing infection from a sick child with the help of a lizard; the 'germ' passed into the animal which was then taken away to the forest and released. The idea of

A Saora wall-drawing intended to flatter a spirit by showing his house in the Under-World, surrounded by ghosts and spirits. The porcupines are the priests of this World of the Dead, the peacocks its watchmen. Such pictures are widely drawn with white paint on the red walls of houses







It is usually in a trance that a shaman of the aboriginal tribes of Middle India diagnoses a disease (or indeed any trouble); for then the appropriate god or spirit tells him the malady and its remedy. The state of trance is reached in a number of ways, usually associated with regular repetition; thus, like (above) *Saronti, a Saora magician, "the shaman may take a bow and swing it to and fro"; or he may sit on the spiked seat of a swing such as* (right) *this one outside a village in northern Bastar and "swing himself, with ever-increasing energy" back and forth until he is completely lost to this world*





(Above) *Saora shamans may divine with a sort of guitar "whose music quickly sends them into ecstasy". These instruments are known as* kuran-rajan, *or "priest-instrument", and are usually made with a carved peacock on the top. Wooden peacocks are placed on most Saora shrines, for this bird is regarded as "the watchman of the gods". Another method is followed by* (left) *a famous Saora priestess in the Ganjam District of Orissa, who seeks communion with the unseen world with the aid of an earthen pot "which she tossed up and down and into which she whispered until she found the answer that she sought"*



His diagnosis completed, the shaman proceeds to treatment. At Sogeda in the Koraput District of Orissa (above) *a lizard placed on the back of a sick Saora child absorbs the infection; and in the Ganjam hills of Orissa* (below) *a Kuttia Kond magician treats a patient by (supposedly) drawing blood down an arrow*





Another form of treatment adopted by the shamans of the aboriginal tribes of Middle India is here seen in use by Chule, a magician of the Bison-horn Marias in southern Bastar, who blows into his patient's ear in order to banish the cause of sickness. Such magicians have an extensive practice

the 'scapegoat' is very common and during an epidemic many goats may be dedicated, laden with the disease and driven out of a village. Yet another method of treatment is to blow into the ears of a patient or to drive out the disease by massaging him towards the extremities.

Some years ago, in Bastar, I had a severe attack of fever when camping in a Muria village. There was a famous shaman in the neighbourhood and I determined to try his treatment. I must say that I found it soothing and comforting: it was, I think, psychologically sound and if I had had it in Harley Street, I might well have had to pay five guineas for it. The shaman paid three visits to my tent. He began with diagnosis, by inducing a state of trance while his assistant offered incense in a dish of glowing coals. When "the god came on him" the shaman fell forward with his hands on the fire, then stood up and laid his hands on my head. He filled his mouth with rice and blew it all over my face three times and made passes over my body from head to foot. He clapped his hands and poured rice over my head.

At the second visit he repeated the process, except that this time he blew rice into my ears. The third time he placed a garland of flowers round my neck in the name of the Village Mother and made a small grass image of myself. This he carried away into the jungle. The main points of the treatment—the blowing away of the evil spirit that was racking my body with fever, the lucky rice on my head, the passes down the body to take

the disease down to the toes and beyond, the carrying away of my symbol with the fever in it—blended with the soothing rhythmic chants combined to create a will-to-recover and a (doubtless quite irrational) confidence in my mind.

Charms, sometimes of genuinely poetic merit, are often used. The following incantation, used in a case of snake-bite, is of real beauty.

May the poison come out and his body grow cool as water!
May the aches in every part of his body
And the pain in his belly be stilled!
May he once more bathe his body,
May he once more take his food,
May he once more walk in his courtyard,
May he once more walk in the forest and the open field!
There may the tiger and the bear
Turn into stones before him!
May every snake become a stick,
May thorns and stubble melt like wax!
When he walks by night, let him not go as an ant
Stumbling on his way.
May light dawn on him!

The shamans are also adept providers of love-charms to those whose affections are not returned. Magic is indeed the artistic touch added to an intrigue: it increases its romance, it gives it supernatural, if not social, sanctions. Girls are delighted when love-magic is prepared for them; it proves the seriousness of a man's intentions; it makes the whole thing much more exciting. But its effect is drastic. A girl who is thus bewitched is "restless as parched rice in the pan", uneasy as "a fish stranded in a dried-up stream", wretched as "wood devoured by white ants", "May my love-net fall upon her", cries the youth who has been well instructed by the shaman,

Go my strong strong charm!
Go my leaping charm!
Awake love in this girl!
Love in her walking feet,
Love in the dust her feet stir,
Love in her seeing eyes,
Love in her moving eyelids,
Love in her listening ears,
Love in her speaking tongue,
Love in her laughing teeth.
Awake love, my charm!

Has tribal religion any message of hope and comfort for the bereaved? The most striking thing in its attitude to death is its emphasis on the continuity of all existence, the belief that death is but an incident in a vital process which continues after the soul has shed its temporary physical integument. But it has not been able to take the further step forward from this into a serene faith and hope in the happiness of the dead, and their desire to help and serve the living. The dead appear rather as dissatisfied, mischievous and wayward, deeply interested in human life but anxious to interfere, to display their power, almost to show off, rather than to assist mankind. The aim therefore of the cult of the dead, which is a very important part of tribal religion everywhere, is above all things to put the ghosts in their place, to keep them in order and to keep them quiet. Menhirs are set up, sacrifices are offered, endless pains are taken to ensure that the dead are not offended and in their spleen bring disaster on the world. Some tribes make a pathetic attempt to bring the dead back to their own families "where they will find warmth and love" and where they will receive the comfort that they need.

Tribal religion is not without its dignity and power. It has its distortions and abuses, but even superstitions, as George Tyrell once remarked, may "provide harmless and healthy outlets for humours otherwise dangerous and morbid". There is little that can be called love in the aboriginal's attitude to his gods. But there is gratitude often and sometimes a belief that a god takes a special interest in a man and goes about with him.

Religion must fulfil and answer human needs. There is hardly a greater need among aboriginals than freedom from fear, and the shaman's placation of god and ghost (the ultimate source of all fears) brings the great gift of solace. The desire for continuity is met by the elaborate funerary rites which link living and dead in one family. The marriage ceremonial consecrates the aboriginal's passionate interest in the family. The fundamental longing for tribal unity and solidarity is expressed and strengthened by the great festivals when many villages dance together, share a common meal and unite in worship. The cult of the Earth Goddess brings religion into every operation of agriculture and gives the threshing-floor and the grain-bin some of the attributes of a shrine.

I have heard it said that religion is the curse of aboriginal life; it wastes the people's time, it spends their money, it is utterly untrue. Perhaps a wiser judgement will see in the fumbling and uncertain aspirations of these simple folk a genuine attempt to solve the riddle of the universe, a source of courage, an affirmation of the belief that man does not live by bread alone.

A New-Discovered Continent

by G. C. DUGGAN, C.B., O.B.E.

An article in our March number showed how the scrutiny of an old map by an expert may lead to the detection of hidden events and the correction of history. Here the author reveals a pleasure which old maps can afford to anyone: that of exploring from one's armchair the continents as they were known—or unknown—to explorers of earlier centuries



I LONG to visit the remote and mysterious but I am too old to hitch-hike round the world and too poor to pay my way. Besides, are there not iron-curtains that act as barriers or inconveniently drop when one has passed under them? How then can I savour the spirit of the explorer, or has the unknown faded out, so be-written is every corner of the globe in books of travel or in the prying volumes of UNO and its Committees?

I have found a way. I will go back and view the world as it was only two hundred years ago and thus will I secure the thrill of those who burst into silent seas. I will pass through countries that my feet shall never tread, though I do not go beyond this room. Some other day I will read through those four volumes, which rest on my shelves, of *A Voyage round the World* written by Commander James Cook and Mr George Foster, F.R.S., in the year 1776. Today the good Emanuel Bowen, Geographer to His Majesty, provides me with all I want in his *Complete Atlas or Distinct Views of the Known World exhibited in sixty-eight Maps*, and the year is 1752.

Does not this from the introduction itself conjure up a lively picture? "Forests are represented by trees; mountains by rising shadows: sands by dotted beds: marshes by shadowed beds: lakes by shadowed coasts. A city is noted by a church with houses about it: an university has a star or sometimes a caduceus: a fortress is shown by angles like bastions: a castle by a little flag."

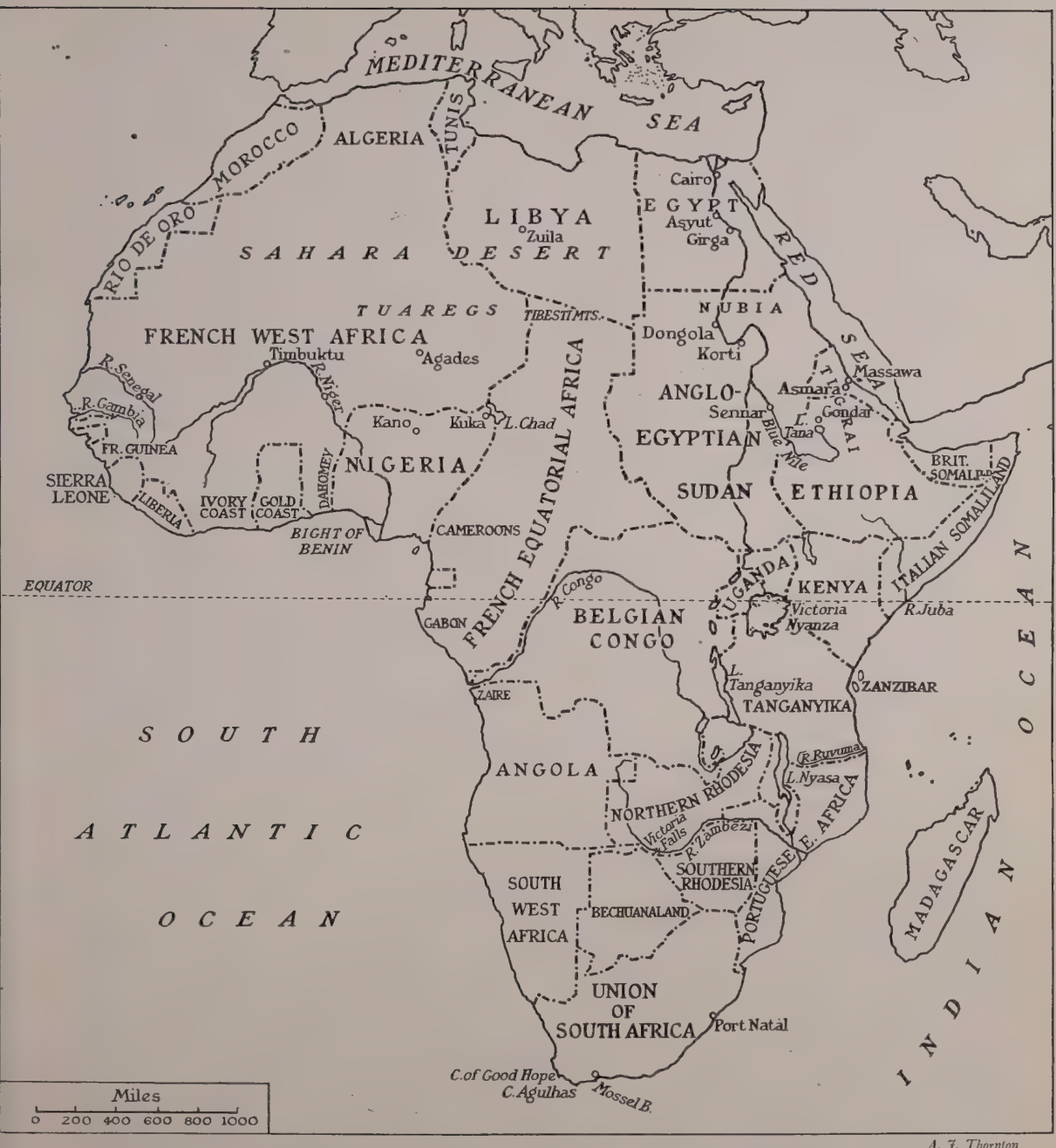
The thirty maps of Europe are plentifully besprinkled with these signs, and if one kept to the main highways, no modern motoring map would be necessary to find one's way across the continent. Emanuel Bowen would suffice. There is the road from Arras to Bethune and that which runs east to Armentiers. (The spelling of towns, etc., reproduces that of the maps and notes.) Yes, there is the road from storied Paperingue to Ipres, or Ypres, turning thence south to Warneton, north to Dixmude and east to (oh, name terrible to a future generation) Paskendal.

But I will turn the pages, though these maps of Europe are written all over with history, history that never dies, that lives with us today, that groups and regroups nations in a way that the New World cannot understand. How difficult for geographers, how harassing to statesmen, how bewildering to students was the ever-shifting map of Europe even at that date! Old, so old, worn with the feet of marching armies, studded with works of man's devising, so beautiful, so peaceful in its cities where the scholars of Europe wrote and thought; so majestic in the ruins of Greece and Rome, so seething with the life of the poor and the rich that makes us what we are today.



Map of Africa from Emanuel Bowen's Complete Atlas *of 1752. It may usefully be compared with—*

I would like to travel through all the continents with Bowen for there are mysterious lands in North and South America that he hints at and even those that he knows belong to nations whose waves of colonization have receded far since these maps were drawn. The naval wars of the 18th century then at their height are reflected in the prominence he gives to large-scale detailed maps and charts of the Bermudas and the West Indian islands, but time only allows me to choose one continent. Shall it be Asia? There the golden road to Samarkand lures me on. Arabia—not a featureless waste: the pilgrim roads are there, the age-old caravan routes. Forts and wells dot the country, each with



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—a modern map of the continent; remembering that Bowen mapped before the 19th century explored

its romantic name and a utilitarian note of the quality of the water—and more: "At this well the pilgrims of Mecca strip themselves".

Bowen annotates his maps with the most up-to-date political and military information and as a geographer he takes the reader into his confidence regarding his sources. Asia is of particular interest in this respect. For example, the countries surrounding the Caspian Sea are "From the memoirs of Soskam Sabbas, a Georgian Prince". Others are "drawn from authentic journals, surveys and most approved modern maps and regulated by astronomical observations". The map of China is "drawn from surveys made by the Jesuit Missionaries by order of the Emperor".

They began the Survey on July 4, 1708, and ended it on January 1, 1717. He gives the names of the Fathers who carried through this stupendous task and the dates on which each province was surveyed. "They determined the latitudes of above 500 cities by observations and their longitudes by the method of triangles, being also assisted by the maps and histories preserved in the tribunals of their cities, the information of the mandarins, etc., as well as the chiefs of the peoples through whose territories they passed."

But having thus hinted at the rich discoveries to be made in Asia, I sternly pass that continent by. I leave, too, for another voyage, the New World with Bowen's fascinating notes on the North-West Passage and Tierra del Fuego. Africa shall be my goal. My exploring feet shall traverse it two hundred years ago, a time long before the explorers of the first quarter of the 19th century, Mungo Park, the Landers, Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, tracked the course of the Niger, entered Timbuktu and Kano, or reached the Upper Nile and the lands of the west. Victoria Nyanza is unknown. Livingstone and Stanley are still in the womb of time.

So with Emanuel Bowen guiding me, I will explore the length and breadth of Africa and he will tell me of the strange people who live there and of its hidden wealth. But he will not tell me how he has discovered all that his maps disclose. I can guess why Egypt and the Barbary States are an open book to him and how he knows of the trading stations of the European nations in West Africa and the Dutch Settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, and of the island of Zanjabar. But when I ask him whence has come that knowledge of the interior, that wealth of travellers' lore embodied in his four large-scale maps, his look is inscrutable. He merely refers me to the notes on the maps—the countries are "laid down from the latest and best authorities and regulated by astronomical observations".

There are no roads anywhere to guide my steps, yet stay! There is one, on the "map of Nubia and Abissinia"—all Africa and only one road, but it stretches for 1400 miles. From Grand Cairo it runs south by the Nile to Siout which lies north of the City of Girge. Here it turns south-west through hilly country by Chaik Halet until it drops down to the desert in the land of the Mahafses. Into hills once more and at the town of Mocho it again reaches the Nile and runs alongside it to Dongola and Corti in the Kingdom of Sennar or Nubia. Crossing the Desert of Bahiouda which lies in an angle of the river it follows the course of the Blue Nile to the City of Sennar. There it turns east towards the Red Sea passing through desert till it reaches the City of Gondar not far from Lake Dambea, near the source of the Blue Nile where live "the Falasjan or exil'd fugitive Jews". So by Siri in the Kingdom of Tigra and with Asmara not far away it reaches the Red Sea coast of Habash opposite the fortified island of Massua. Was it by this road that three thousand years earlier the Queen of Sheba passed on her way from south-west Arabia to see the glory of King Solomon? And from time immemorial by this track went the camel caravans that bore the Arabian myrrh burnt as incense to Egyptian deities.

I retrace my steps to the Nile and travel west to the country of the Barbary States. I thought that all this land would be uninhabited desert. By no means. Beyond Ain Cais and Mount Amtales I find the town of Zala "remarkable for its fairs and merchants", and Zaoüila "a town situated as a fruitful island in the midst of Desart". South of these is the Desert of Berdoa "excessive droughty and dangerous travelling because of thieves" on whose eastern edge is Kucu "a city very populous". Here I pass a tomb of a fakir, there a bitter fountain, and fifty miles further on "an aluminous fountain". Beyond the mountains of Black Stone in the country of Kovar is the Kingdom of Bournou and the whole land is shown studded with castles. Who dwelt in them? Are they Turkish posts to hold back the dwellers in the deserts? But what I judged to be desert, the "Sara", seems not to be so. Desert there is, it is true, the desert of Hayr "where there are wells of good water" and "in these parts there are but few if any inhabitants", the desert of Agades "whence is brought the best sena", and, as one gets nearer the Atlantic, Azagar "(being part of the desart of Barbary) so called by the Arabs because it is marshy". There, too, is the country of Gogden where no water is to be found for eight or nine days' journey. But in the middle of these deserts is the country of the Twarghes which is "very temperate and produces much grass", and even the desert of Lumtunes is inhabited though it is "by a proud, brutish people". Nor can it be all desert at the Rocks of Tagara "from whence they carry salt in caravans to Morocco and Tombut".

Where the Sanago and the Gambia rivers

flow to the Atlantic is the Kingdom of Fulis, "rich in gum forests", a land of many river towns stretching into Negroland [Nigeria and French Niger]. Here are the great cities of Tombut or Tombouctoo "from whence are brought gold, ivory and good tin" and Cano, both on the Niger whose course is then lost to sight though some think that it enters the sea far to the south as the Zaire [Congo] river. On its banks live "Antropophages or men-eaters" and other tribes "esteem'd to be very rich".

To the south of Negroland are the Grain Coast, the Tooth Coast, the Gold Coast and the Slave Coast, regions familiar to all traders for the exports that enrich the marts of Europe and America with all the produce that their names imply. "The Kingdom of Gabou from whence they bring jasper and slaves" is Bowen's casual note as he maps the mountains that divide Negroland from Benin.

At this point I can go south to the Congo or cross the continent almost on the line of the equator to the port of Jubo in the east. As I take the latter route the Niger fades out on my left near a range of mountains where emeralds are said to be found. "Some geographers believing the Niger to be a branch of the Nile have therefore called it the Nile of the Negroes." On the north of these mountains is the Kingdom of Gorham "whose inhabitants have a particular language and live always in the desarts". On the south of the mountains is the Kingdom of Mujac "whose King is very powerful and his subjects make frequent incursions on the great Makoko which obliges him to keep a standing Armey on his Northern frontiers". Makoko has an ally in the Emperor Gingiro who " 'tis said has fifteen kingdoms tributary to him". Amongst his subject people are the Bakke Bakke who live in forests and are reputed to be a nation of dwarfs, but they are a people sought after by way of trade in elephants' teeth.

Now I am on the southern borders of Abyssinia and crossing the river Zebee [Ruvuma], which reaches the sea in the Kingdom of Zanguebar, I pass through the Nations of the Galles whose King is called Luba. Between them and the seaport of Jubo is the Kingdom of Machida whose inhabitants are "Mohamedans and a powerful nation. The King is of the line of the Ethiopian Kings with whom he is often at war".

I return to Negroland and going south I would pass through Benin to the Congo and the river Zaire. Following the course of the river to its source I come to the Kingdom of Fungeno "where the Portuguese are said to trade for cloth made of the bark of trees". The way across the continent to Zanguebar through the country of the Jages is too dangerous to traverse, for this is a tribe of "Antropophages or men-eaters who have depopulated the country, the soil is very fertile but the air is esteem'd unhealthy". (Is this Bowen's little joke?) So instead I strike further south and reach the lake of Zambre. To Bowen Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyasa were this single sheet of water, 500 miles long. At its southern tip the mountains "called by the Cafres the backbone of the World" almost touch the lake-shore and stretch south-west and north-east for 700 miles. Here are the two great Kingdoms of the Cafres, one Nimeamaia or Mono-Emugi which girdles Lake Zambre, the other the Empire of Monomotapa stretching to the southern boundary of what is now Portuguese East Africa. In these territories are many silver mines and Toroa rich in gold. The Cafres drive their principal trade with Zanguebar by the river ways down the Suabo which unites with the Rio de Cuama [Zambesi]. In the back country whence the latter river comes are the great Falls which Bowen names the Cataracts. Near the mouth of the Cuama a convent of the Dominicans arises on its banks. In Monomotapa great forests stretch to the sea from the city where is the Emperor's residence and south of it lie the gold mines of Manica.

And now the country of the Hottentots —the wandering Cafres—stretches before me without a break to the Southern Ocean. Here are the man-eating Cabonas, the Chainouquas rich in cattle and the Hancumquas who are said to make use of lions in fighting, and so I come to where the Cape of Good Hope crowned with its Dutch fort feels the swing of the tides and the roaring winds as they sweep round from the Ethiopic Ocean to the Banc das Agullas, and by Nossel Bay, Pescadores and Hermosa to Andrein Arado de Natalis and the Eastern Ocean.

There is but a bare strip round these coasts where Portuguese and Dutch have a foothold. The dark tribes press hard on them, for it is they who possess these royal fortresses, these lands rich in cattle, these gold mines that all men desire.

My journey is ended. A century has seen the map of Africa redrawn, not by a peaceful geographer but by the nations of Europe. And perhaps some descendant of those dark tribes may look today on this older map and read into it a prophecy of things to come.

Ecuador—Peru—Bolivia

I. Landscape

by GEORGE ROCK Photographs by A. COSTA

Mr Rock and Mr Costa performed a journey through three of the Andean republics which enabled them to perceive both the geographical unity and the diversity of the vast and potentially rich region that was once ruled by the Incas. These three republics are therefore considered together in the present article, describing the landscape of the region, and in two successive articles, which will describe its people and architecture and are to be published in our June and July numbers

Within the million and a few square miles of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia were all the types of landscape Costa and I had ever heard of or imagined, and a few more beside. Down the entire length of the continent ran the broad chain of the Andes, all-important and at all times inescapable. Between two so-called *cordilleras*, the single range of mountains is depressed in the centre to form a series of large basins known as the *altiplano*, ranging in average altitude from 8000 feet in Ecuador to 14,000 feet in Bolivia, from which the cones of volcanoes rise yet higher. Below the surface of the Andes are still riches of an abundance to make men dream; above, the configuration of peaks and ranges withholds rainfall or so channels the water's flow as to cause great differences of appearance and potentiality between adjacent valleys. The presence at the north of Ecuador of the equator, for which the country was named, turns the lowlands into jungle or barren desert and gives the densely populated altiplano a tropical warmth under the noontime sun.

As the equator was just fifteen miles north of Quito, we drove to see the monument set up in honour of the 18th-century scientists who, under the direction of Charles Marie de la Condamine, determined the exact location of this imaginary line in order to measure the arc of the meridian and from that to compute the size of the earth. Their achievement had been tremendous, so we expected some lushly heroic statuary when we turned off the main road at a cluster of adobe huts and drove down a broad avenue landscaped with dead bushes. At the equator itself, the actual monument was a simple platform of pink stone upholding a sober obelisk, on the peak of which balanced a granite globe held in place by an iron band around the equator. Medallions on the four sides praised the parts played in the survey by France, Spain and Ecuador, and named the members from each.

At an altitude of some 8000 feet, we had worn wool shirts and jackets and were glad of them when the wind blew small sprays of gritty dust from the gray sides of the encircling hills. In still minutes, the sun was baking hot, and the air had a hazy quality, a glare without brightness that hurt the eyes without giving much light.

Travelling south from the equator both denied and affirmed the importance of time. All too often the modernity of a 'plane was demanded because there was no good old-fashioned road, or because the road was so old-fashioned as to have washed away. Railroads were few and crowded, though they coped with the abruptnesses of the terrain directly and with the agility of mechanical goats. Not so the roads. On a drive down the altiplano, time was the least important of considerations. The roads, made of packed mud or more simply cut from the soft clay of the hillsides, wound sinuous and leisurely courses around each roll of the hills and every handkerchief valley. Bridges, as they might wash away in the next wet season, were limited to the most essential, crossing only the inescapable river at its smallest discoverable point.

Some valleys were bright with wild flowers—lupin and forget-me-not, vivid *tigridia*, golden broom, and the creamy trumpets of *datura*. The rounded hills, mottled green and gray from the burning of the grass and brush every few years to fertilize the soil, were slashed by great gullies of erosion. Their new growth might be better than it would otherwise have been; but before it could take hold, much more earth would have washed away from the steadily shrinking pastures. In efforts to stop this waste, trim rows of henequen (sisal hemp) were planted as hedges, and the useful and quick-growing eucalyptus had been imported from its native Australia in the 19th century. In contrast, other levels were brown and dry,

supporting only cactus and clumps of wiry wild grasses. Always in the distance loomed the volcanoes, huge and snow-capped, Iliniza, Corazón, Carihuairazo, Altar, Sangay, and many others. Chimborazo, Ecuador's highest at 20,575 feet, is dead; but Cotopaxi, at 19,360 feet, is the world's highest active volcano—and almost too handsome to be credited with such destructive power as it has occasionally shown.

To go down to the jungle, the road circled the base of triple-peaked Altar and followed the course of the growing Río Pastaza. Beyond the neo-Tyrolese spa town of Baños, the valley opened wide at the magnificent Cascada Inez María—a great double waterfall spraying down hundreds of feet from either side of a block of lava dropped into the stream in 1918. A warm breeze blew from below and there was a view of undulating tree-tops for miles ahead, the river threading silver into the east as far as eye could see. The visible space was vast, near to infinite with the knowledge that there was nothing to interrupt the flow of this river or the gentle slope of the jungle for 2500 miles to the Atlantic. Then, in a breathtaking swoop, the road curved down to the level of the rushing water, and we were in the lowlands, passing wild white petunias and high stands of sugar-cane. The end of the road was at Puyo, forty miles from Baños and ten miles beyond the field-headquarters of the Shell Oil Company, and there the jungle began.

To go beyond this point could only be done with Shell's assistance, which was graciously extended to us. Thanks to them we flew some forty miles east to their current 'dig' at Villano and 140 miles farther to an old well-site beside the Río Tiputini near the Peruvian border (which limits Ecuador on both south and east), seeing the jungle as a lumpy carpet of several shades of green patterned by an intricate veining of muddy rivers and infrequently relieved by vivid yellow and orange trees or by a spinsterish expanse of mauve. To my unaccustomed eye, there was no large difference between the jungle we saw at these places or just across the river at the end of the road. Trying to go by a short-cut to visit one of the few plantations in the area, our guide lost the track not half a mile from Puyo. No sun shone through the solid layer of branches high overhead, and what light there was had an aqueous quality and cast no shadow. Around us the foliage was dense with leaves of all possible variety—light and dark, glossy and furry, streaked and mottled, and shading into maroon or rust or white. The fleshy tubers of orchids or parasitic air-plants attached themselves to lianas hanging from invisible branches. Huge-leaved florist's specimens swathed the tree-trunks. Scarlet spikes poked out at unexpected angles; and clusters of bright butterflies hovered around extraordinary salmon cabbages and some decorator's delights with blooms of cerise and lime. There were no noises above our own stomping and panting over the uneven ground as we headed for a slight eminence from which we hoped to see the path or for the perhaps familiar tree held aloft on a dozen stilt-like roots. The air was close and slightly aromatic.



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Romantically, I felt sure no one else had ever been just where we were, until I stumbled over a construction of planed logs, rotting under a cover of new leaves, and stirred up a swarm of flying ants that bit with all the intensity of flames. A couple of hours later, sweating and exhausted, we finally came across the path, neatly surfaced with logs set crosswise over the soft muck of a hollow. Our guide was still confused and by mistake led us straight back to Puyo.

The Ecuadorean government had offered inducements to bring farmers into the jungle areas, but so far Shell, searching for oil, was without many neighbours. The ease with which vegetation grows in this climate is both a blessing and a curse; while phenomenal crops grow almost unattended, there is a constant and serious struggle to keep space cleared around them. Without attention, the path cleared last week will be covered over by next week. In the middle of the pristine jungle, Shell had built landing-strips for its 'planes, roads, and villages for its workers. At the new 'dig' of Villano we saw in the middle of a large clearing the growing superstructure of a well. Straight steel lines stood out sharp against the jungle arabesque of arching white branches and swagged vines, their forms black and angular against the soft round masses of living green. Oil had not yet anywhere been found in commercial quantities, and several wells were being dismantled prior to being abandoned. When the technical equipment had been moved, the roads would be left to run through uninhabited jungle and the buildings to rot unwatched. Seeds would fall on landing-strips and roads, while the jungle reclaimed places that might have become names in the newspapers, names on the map, parts of the known world. Unless oil were found, these spots in the Oriente would be quickly forgot, until someone else had a dream.

Oil had already been found on the coast of northern Peru. We flew south over the tawny desert, as austere a landscape as the jungle had been rococo, and exciting by contrast. No longer the overwhelming piling of detail, here the subtilties of each curving dune, with numberless variations of mass and direction and hue, could be seen clear in isolation. The oil-wells became increasingly frequent, until at Talara the lines of roads and pipes and wires covered the sand with a huge and orderly spider-web, the straight rows of houses that made up the town looking exaggeratedly geometric beside the gentle arc of the bay. Farther south, the ravines that at first had been only lines of darker sand were filled with vegetation beside streams rushing from the mountains to the sea.

Framed on either side by dun-coloured hills, Lima sat in the coastal delta of the Río Rimac, its streets and squares filled with gaudy flower-beds and old shade-trees. In the bay rose the shrubless and waterless island of San Lorenzo. Its southern half was in the distance gray, but as our boat went nearer we saw this was caused by thousands of birds, the famous Guanay (a kind of Cormorant), which nest on the string of some twenty islands down the coast, away from human disturbance and near their supply of anchovies. They use only that part of the island with southern exposure, to take advantage of the warming sun and the wind which, generally blowing from that direction, assists in teaching the young to fly. The Incas had used the droppings of these birds as fertilizer (the richest in nitrogen of any known), but knowledge of the deposits was kept a secret from the Spaniards until Alexander von Humboldt took a sample back to Germany for analysis in 1840. Although many of the great Peruvian fortunes were made from mining and exporting the enormous accumulations of guano in the 19th century, the engineer who showed us around told us that the present yearly deposits were barely enough for the country's domestic needs. He led us up the steep hill, along the surprisingly clear line of demarcation between the northern sand and the guano, which was white and hard on top but crumbled underfoot to show a rich cinnamon. Families of birds left their crater-like nests as we approached, clucking and waddling angrily, only to return when we had stood still a bit. From the hilltop the engineer pointed out large seals swimming in the clear water of the rocky cove behind the island.

From Lima up the valley of the Rimac to the altiplano required the services of the highest standard-gauge railroad in the world, the Central Railway, which makes an average climb of 27 feet a minute to the Galera tunnel at 15,693 feet. (The highest point of the system is at La Cima, a short distance away on a branch line, where the track reaches a height of 15,806 feet. It was impossible to ignore these heights. At first they were exciting and inspired a feeling of some accomplishment; but finally they hypnotized by their constant excess, so that each day's altitude was its most important aspect and one could think only in terms of up and down.) In the middle of the shallow plateau were the great smelters of Oroya, provided with copper from the mines at Cerro de



The landscape of the high Andean plateau forms the setting for the church at Guapulo, near Quito the capital of Ecuador. Miracles, some depicted by primitive paintings within the church, are said to be wrought by the statue of the Virgin placed over its central door. Both the eucalyptus and the henequen by the side of the road are necessary anti-erosion plantings. The eucalyptus also provides fuel, building wood, shade and anti-malarial medicine; it is extremely widespread though brought from Australia as recently as the 19th century



Heralded by an increase, from mid-December, of the daily light shower, the rainy season in the Amazonian forest of Ecuador begins in January and stretches to April. In parts the jungle may turn to swamp, and to make passage possible this path in the neighbourhood of Puyo, like many others, has been floored with trunks of wood laid crosswise. The wood is treated to last for more than a year; and the logs are slippery when wet



Bosque de Rocas (the wood of rocks), eight miles long by two wide, is reputed the largest dolomitic formation in the world. It lies on the central plateau between the western and eastern ranges of the Andes and boasts pinnacles 300 to 400 feet high, though much weathered. They are on the first range of foothills west of Cerro de Pasco in Peru and appear at a distance to crown it with such skyscrapers as New York has not dreamed



In the midst of Incaic terracing the ruins of the Incas' fortress of Pisac in Peru, 9700 feet above sea-level, survey the precipitous mountain slopes which form an almost continuous gorge to the Urubamba river in the distance. On such terraces the Indians grew (and still grow) their staple crop above the limit of maize, the potato; a vegetable unknown to the peoples of Mexico and Central America before their conquest by Spain

The hard white surface of some islands off the Peruvian coast is composed of the droppings of the Guanay, a kind of Cormorant. Unlike the Mayas, Incaic Indians were well acquainted with fertilizer and used guano on their high terraces. Hidden from the Conquistadores, the secret was only rediscovered in 1840 by Humboldt. The accumulations gave sudden wealth to Peru, but now not enough is produced for the country's needs



Travelling across Peru used to take months by mule convoy; now it is a matter of hours by air. The airstrip serving Huánuco in Peru is 7200 feet above sea-level, and though ten miles from the town, is the nearest level space of adequate size. Buses and cars are waiting to take passengers to the Government-built hotel, exceedingly comfortable and low-priced





In the high Andes the climate is a hard one, snow being common during the height of summer; and this Quechua Indian village near Cerro de Pasco in Peru has its houses built either of stone or of stone covered with mud. The whole region was intensely mined, even before the Conquest, and vestiges of mines may be seen all the way from Cerro de Pasco to Huánuco



Sucre was an important town in colonial days, and led the revolt from Spanish rule, on May 25, 1809, but has now given precedence to La Paz, where are the head offices of the mines from which Bolivia derives most of its wealth. It is surrounded by gentle slopes, and its colonial buildings still retain a lot of charm, though an earthquake in the autumn of 1948 tumbled most church-towers and many houses. The land-formation in the foreground is due to erosion of the clayish soil

Pasco, sixty miles to the north. When the Spaniards came, these mines were producing gold, and they have also yielded silver and lead; but while Cerro de Pasco was impressive at 14,300 feet, it was no place to stay longer than necessary. By the time we had found a bus to the friendly jungle again, Costa said he felt as though he were wearing very far down over his head a hat many sizes too small. Even changing our seats seemed a tremendous effort, making understandable the coating of litter spread over the whole town. Just beyond the last house, I shuddered at the sight of the 18th hole of a well-tended golf course.

Tingo Maria, beside the foaming milk-chocolate of the Río Huallaga at a tropic 2200 feet, was not the end of the road, but it was much farther east than Puyo. In comparison with the similar part of Ecuador, Peru had made great strides towards colonization and development of its enormous jungle area, with government-sponsored experimental farms to determine the plants and breeds of cattle most appropriate to the climate, and many prosperous plantations of tea, sugar, rubber, quinine, and other foods and drugs. Plots of banana trees grew beside the rudest huts, here as everywhere the climate allowed them, with their bedraggled air of left-over party decorations emphasizing the general soddenness achieved by the middle of the wet season. Clouds over the mountains delayed the 'plane that took us from Tingo Maria's muddy airfield to Huánuco, halfway up to the plateau, landing us ten miles from the town, because that was the nearest level space of sufficient size, in the middle of pearl-gray cactus, dusty trees, and baked beige earth. The air was still warm, but a dry breeze blew constantly, which the French hotelier said in time could produce an unstable nervous condition.

We hired a car to take us back to Lima by way of the otherwise inaccessible Bosque de Rocas. As we ascended the narrow gorge of the juvenescent Río Ucayali, which flowed past Iquitos to the Amazon, the broom and acacias and pepper trees grew scarcer, bare gray rock more frequent, and the air colder. The whole uphill climb, which was so steep as to demand second gear, took us past remains of ancient mines and tunnel entrances. At the highest point, lightly covered with hailstones and patches of old snow, a village our driver called Tingo showed remnants of a mining town far greater in size and importance than the present twenty plastered stone houses, their thatched roofs green with dripping moss. Ragged children, their cheeks and lips purple from cold, played football with a small wad of burlap, young pigs grubbed at our feet, and tatters of mist blew like ghosts over the sides of the pass as we waited in vain for the sun to shine for a photograph.

The sky cleared as we drove through Cerro de Pasco onto the plateau, much too high for cultivation and offering sparse grazing for herds of fleecy llamas. At the end of Lake Junín the driver staged a small scene over going through the rock forest, apparently uneasy about taking a road he did not know; and he was only reassured when an old man sunning himself in the doorway of his one-room house said, in courtly and classic terms, we should advance in perfect tranquillity. From the middle of the plateau we could see the jagged rim of the rocks, a dolomitic formation eight miles long and two wide, said to be the largest of its kind. Closer, the upright stones looked like the skyline of a city with such skyscrapers as were never known. A few sheep grazed on the clumps of olive grass among the great monoliths, invisible birds sang, and fluffy clouds sailed quickly over to bank in the lowering east. The rocks ranged in colour from gray through salmon to a violent rust, with one group striped vertically in black and white, and in texture from the smoothness of old roots to the most pockmarked of wormeaten logs. They stood in upright rows three and four hundred feet high; there were boulders topped by more immense boulders; and their shapes were fantastic, eroded by the violence of the elements to form porches, tunnels, caves, animals and people, whole families of people of all nations and periods and occupations.

Already cold, the air became colder. The road wound through the formation toward a solid hilltop of the same bare stone, looming enormous, black, and protective behind the village of Huayllay. A cemetery in the shadow of the cliff was brave and pathetic, each wooden cross painted a different colour and draped with white bunting and flowers made of paper. The wild grandeur of the setting was no consolation for the difficulties and discomforts of these bleak lives.

Through a descending series of shallow basins, the road threaded over low hills and around small lakes, the water quite green at the edges. To the left, a hill cut open at the end looked both in colour and shape like a sliced watermelon. Then a series of sharp curves and the road descended more steeply, as we drove around one lake another becoming visible hundreds of feet below,

each more incredibly turquoise than the last, ranged down the mountainside like the waterworks of a giant's formal garden, the sheer granite cliffs reflected on the still waters. After the last lake, the Río Chillon began, very far below and very narrow, giving a proper valley for the road to follow. Below Canta we drove through groves of oranges and limes. Then the valley widened into great cotton and sugar fields, which gave way to desert near the coast when we turned away from the river.

Water was all that was needed to set the coastal desert abloom (and there was talk of diverting the Marañon through a tunnel to irrigate the northern sections), but there was no such problem around Cuzco. There the rivers completely filled the valley-bottoms between the steep mountains, so that the Incas had had to shore up cultivable land with two- to four-foot retaining walls to keep it from being washed away by the heavy rains of the November-March wet season. Perhaps the best-preserved of these, and certainly the most beautiful in contour, were at Pisac, in the Urubamba valley twelve miles north of Cuzco. Still cultivated as in the days of the Incas, they faced the several thousand feet of the mountain, rising past the Incaic fortress-village almost to the top, a distance it took us well over an hour to climb on horses (a means of transport unknown on the continent until the Spanish Conquest).

The wetness of the season now took over our trip, dictating where we might go. Mornings dawned clear, but clouds gathered quickly and rain fell some time every day. The short grass of the altiplano south of Cuzco was dotted with large rain-puddles, and roads were under water around Lake Titicaca: 95 miles long and 35 miles wide, at an altitude of 12,500 feet the highest navigable lake in the world. However, Titicaca deserved contemplation for its atmosphere as well as its statistics. Despite the busy movement of clouds overhead, there was a hushed and waiting stillness through which the notes of distant pan-pipes carried clear and sweet and sad. The softly weathered hills were mirrored in the still water of the lake and reflection doubled the slender reeds.

We went on south with trepidation, fearing the anticlimax of repetition of what we had already seen. But Bolivia's landscapes went to extremes of the exaggerated. La Paz gave the experience of the world's highest (though unofficial) capital, huddled 2200 feet below the plateau in the ravine of the Río La Paz at 12,000 feet, with streets of such steepness that even the most sedate had to slide down the sidewalks. Below the city the ravine wound through clay hills of magenta, rose and mauve lightly dusted by green, occasionally enclosing a field of young wheat hedged by poplars. Farther along, erosion had carved the hills into columns, cones, arches, spires, and organ-pipe effects, their verticality tempered by horizontal banding of beige, gray, lilac, or peach in the clay, the whole a misplaced section of lunar desert.

Yet less than two hours by car took us to the Club Andino Boliviano on Mount Chacaltayo, where the world's highest ski-club rejoiced at the snow brought to the mountains by the wet season (still closer to the equator than Jamaica, it could not be called winter). The club's ski-lift started up from 15,000 feet, and many of the sportsmen carried oxygen masks from their belts, just in case. From the terrace we could see to our left La Paz, backed by the magnificent cone of Mount Illimani (21,184 feet), and Lake Titicaca flecked by sunlight some sixty miles north. The rest was plateau, its olive expanse broken by small hills and out-croppings of bare rock, bleak and desolate, good for nothing but mines and herds of indestructible llamas that sparsely inhabited it. And that was half the country.

The other half was reasonably lower, pleasant valleys at levels descending to the jungle of the Amazon basin along the Brazilian border. Halfway down, Sucre, the official capital, had so recently become accessible that it still seemed to belong to another century, although on May 25, 1809, it had been advanced enough to strike the opening blow of the continent's long battle for liberation from Spain. Earthquake had shaken Sucre six months before our visit, and the town was busy putting the towers back on its handsome old churches and replastering the fallen walls and ceilings of its houses. On the edge of town there was a miniature replica of the outlandish erosion formation we had seen in La Paz.

In this region the valleys were too small, the hills too many for much cultivation. Oil had been found somewhat east, and yet farther east were the great plains that fed the country with their abundant crops. But this was a very recent development, long hindered by the difficulties of transport. The land, though it offered potentialities of staggering richness, had, in the mass of the Andes over which roads were so nearly impossible, prevented achievement.

American High School

by JOHN USBORNE

Few things are more odious than the comparisons commonly made by the inhabitants of one country between their own institutions and those of another which are, in fact, designed to serve a different purpose. A case in point is that of American and British educational methods. Mr Usborne, writing from recent experience as a teacher in America, exposes the futility of comparing them

On September 3, 1946, through the good offices of The English-Speaking Union's Exchange Teacher Scheme, I faced my first class of 9th-Grade students at Hamburg High School, Hamburg, New York, U.S.A. I was extremely pleased to be teaching at Hamburg, because I had heard from several good sources that in curriculum and methods it was typical of American High Schools, while in every other way it was greatly above the average. In fact educationally New York State was rated third to California and Michigan, and this particular school, by the findings of what is known as the "Iowa Test", was rated in the first ten over all the schools in the Eastern States. This superiority I was able later to discover for myself.

The impressions of that first day, as of all the subsequent days of that year, were confused and conflicting. On the one hand here was a classroom similar to, if newer, lighter and airier than, most of those in which I had been taught and had myself taught. The desks, the blackboard, the maps were of familiar design and location. On the other hand here was a contrast and a novelty, which I knew at once was to call forth all my powers of adjustment and adaptation. I had myself been educated at private and public (*à l'anglaise*) boarding schools, where classes were never over twenty and seldom over fifteen. Before me sat no less than thirty-five. My own education had been strictly, till Oxford, uncoeducational and as a public-school-master for six years I had taught only boys. Here before me were boys and girls at an age (fifteen-sixteen) when sexual differences are probably at their most emphatic. Since this was a prosperous section of America —near Buffalo—the girls were well dressed, most of them well made up, *chic* and, by English standards, socially well beyond their years. That first day they terrified me. With the boys, despite their startling clothes—mackinaw shirts hanging outside their trousers, reindeer-pattern sweaters, striped 'sweat-shirts', one trouser-leg half rolled up, violently-coloured socks—I felt at home. It took less than a fortnight, however, to reverse these two impressions, and till graduation day I was to find the boys, to use their own word, "stinkers" (they were all charming, if boisterous, out of school) and the girls generally easy to handle.

At my English Public School I had taught everything on the 'Arts' side, except Greek and Geography, to all ages from eighteen to thirteen. The day before my first American semester opened I was given a book called "World Geography" and told I was to teach from it. What's more this was to be my only subject day in day out for a year. There had obviously been a miscarriage in my exchange arrangements. Not only had I never taught Geography, but since the age of ten never even studied it. It was no good at this late hour protesting. I hurried back to my "digs" to read the first two chapters twice. It certainly was new to me, and it wasn't like what in the early twenties we called Geography. This was fascinating. It would therefore be within my power to render it fascinating to my pupils.

That's what I thought. I had been warned by my 'exchange', who was now on his way to my English school, that the 9th Grade, my teen-age student block, were an undisciplined and unstudious lot, and I expected the worst. But my English experience had taught me that the best remedy for indiscipline in class was to keep them interested. It was surely not going to be hard to pass on my new-found enthusiasm for World Geography to my pupils whatever their nationality and attitudes. By the end of the first day I was pleasurably surprised. My pupils had been uncompromisingly attentive, but I knew very well that I had stopped being interesting about World Geography by about midday. I had not reckoned with the problem of five similar lessons each day to five similar classes. By the third repetition I was bored, and therefore boring. Yet they sat still and listened. I was puzzled.

The interest held for about ten days. At the end of that time almost all the boys and most of the girls were bored to a degree of

fidget and inattention that nettled me sorely. I was frequently being reminded of the remark of a certain college dean: "You can't teach a man mathematics if there's a girl in the room, and if you could, he wouldn't be worth teaching"—and was having doubts already of the efficacy of classroom coeducation for this susceptible age-group. One day after school, with a disarming frankness which I knew to be the better part of friendliness, one of them explained: "You've got a cute accent: but we've found it kinda hard to understand. Now that we've got the hang of it, we think you're a pretty punk teacher."

Now it must be said, I'm afraid, that until I came to America, though my teaching had not been inspired, it had seldom been "punk". The situation demanded an immediate re-estimate. I did not intend to go on being punk till graduation day. There was clearly a far greater contrast between St Paul's School, London, and Hamburg High School, Hamburg, N.Y., than I'd bargained for. What were these contrasts and could they be reconciled and firmly grappled with?

What, I wondered, had I brought with me that was inapplicable to American High Schools? At the time the main answer seemed obvious. I'd been accustomed to a greater desire for academic progress and more religious respect for myself as teacher. I decided that while the change was to be deplored, it must nevertheless be stoically endured.

Second, and possibly arising from the first, was my lack of sympathy with the American grading system. In English schools, whether 'public' or state secondary, the students are sorted as far as possible according to ability in each subject into what are now commonly known as 'streams': A-stream, B-stream etc., according to the size of the school. In all American state High Schools and most private ones a student is graded by age and moves up year by year till in his 'senior' year

These 125 American High School 'seniors' reading in Study Hall would usually be divided into four classes. The critical eyes of even thirty such pupils can, however, provide a formidable ordeal

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he hopes to pass the last stages of his Regents' Exam. and 'graduate' from High School. This 'homogenizing' of the naturally heterogeneous I was soon to recognize as the essence of American education, but at that stage I felt sure it was a bad thing. It meant that in a class of thirty-five the mediocre element was the largest and therefore, if not directly aimed at, sure to generate the biggest aggregate of unruliness. The four or five whose intelligence was above average had to be left to their own devices, which were usually quiet if nothing else. The five or six whose intelligence was below average had to be left to vegetate in their impenetrable unwisdom, so long as they sat unnoticed. Because corporal punishment was illegal in New York State, as, I think, in all others, and most other forms of punishment were for one reason or another either impracticable or innocuous, and anyhow I was a "sassable" (raggable) foreigner, they seldom did. Graded thus at school I was certain that very few Americans could transcend the prosaic barriers of mediocrity. No wonder, I thought, life here was so grimly materialist, culturally so sterile.

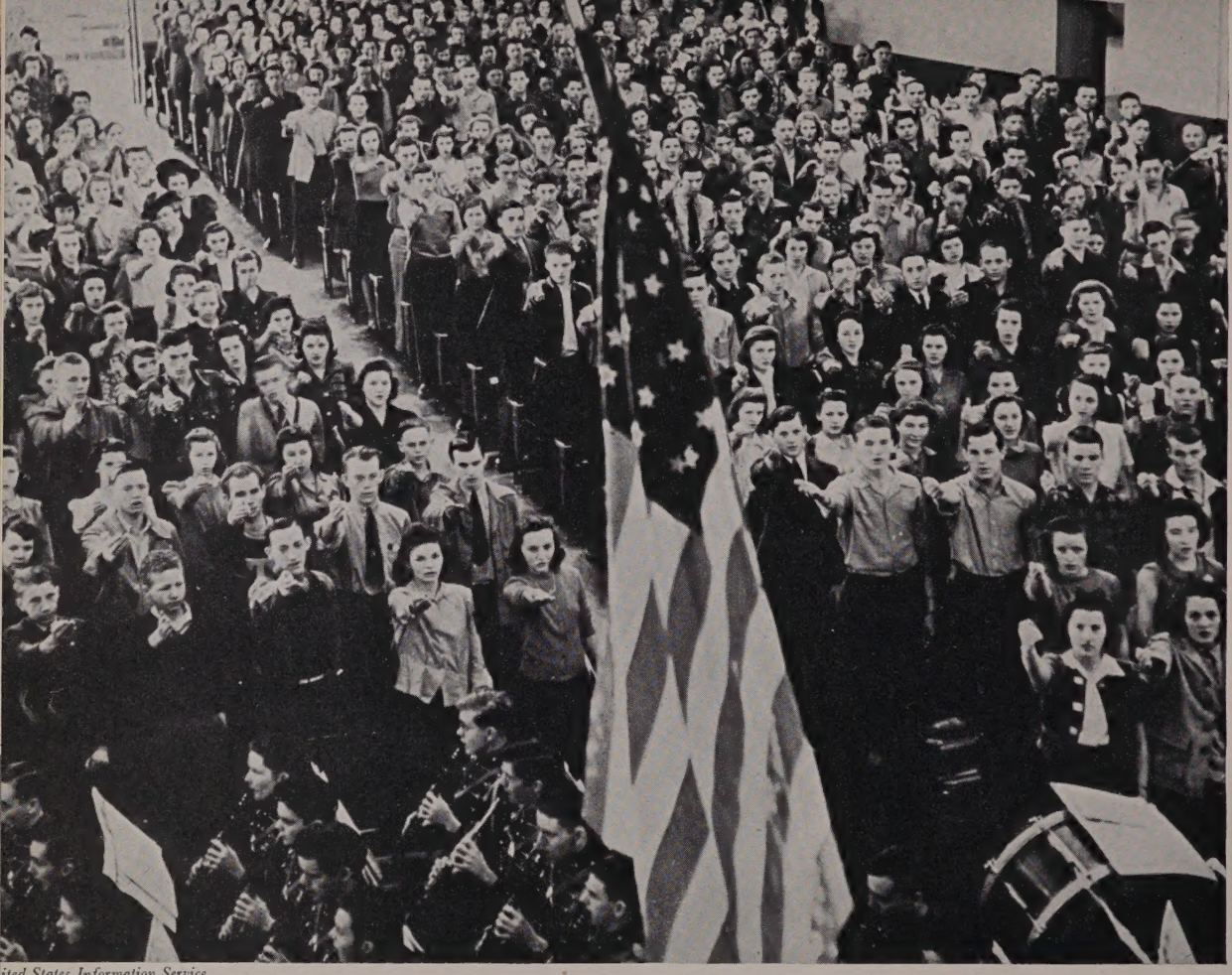


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Every responsible position in the school is filled by popular election and the results are plotted by 'Returning Officers'. Electioneering, often very factional, takes place in class periods

Thirdly, I was dismayed by a faith in and reverence for marks which obliged me to make regular fortnightly mark returns for each of my 165 geography pupils. My English academic background had persuaded me that in all the subjects but the exact sciences, assessment of progress was impossible without recourse to the essay method. I must be able to judge how far a student not only knows the facts, but can think reasonably and speculate intelligently with them. To make such judgments on 165 each fortnight as well as learn and teach the subject was outside both my power and my assignment. The students were to be tested at least once a fortnight and marked from A, which represented from 100 per cent to about 87, down to E, which was below 65 and an ignominious failure or "flunk" and therefore to be awarded only at one's peril. The system was, I was convinced, absurd. It forced the teacher to set the sort of test which could be both answered and marked quickly. These, known as "Objective Tests", by asking the student whether an answer to a particular question was "True" or "False", or which one out of four possible answers was "True", gave the ignorant from a three-to-one to an even chance of guessing as correctly as the one who had taken the trouble or had the intelligence to be in no doubt.

With true English arrogance I refused this easy descent to Avernus. I was determined that my pupils should write more on their tests papers than a row of "Ts" and "Fs" and numbers up to 4. At worst it would be something like: "What is the capital of England?" instead of "Paris is the capital of England: True or False?" At best it would be something like: "(a) Outline Sir Halford Mackinder's theory of Heartland. (b) Relate it to Hitler's plan for world conquest and (c) Write a short criticism of the theory."



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An American High School student salutes the Flag each day in his Home Room and again once a week, more ceremoniously and to the strains of the National Anthem, before 'assembly' in the Auditorium

At the end of the autumn semester, after due warning and preparation, a test on these lines was presented to my 9th-Grade pupils. In England a score of 64 per cent on such a test is between 10 and 15 from 'distinction' level. In my American school 64 was a flunk. By dint of prodigious over-generosity I managed to pass about a hundred. Sixty-five or so had flunked. Within twenty-four hours it seemed to me as if the town of Hamburg was in an uproar. Such a calamity had never before occurred. It wasn't right. The test hadn't been fair. It was a disgrace. The Principal of the Junior High School agreed. He 'up-graded' the marks and Hamburg breathed again. I had learned my lesson. "When in Rome. . . ." I would from now on, for my own as well as many others' peace of mind, do as the Romans. My relations with my pupils in school began to climb slowly from bad to not so bad.

They could not have been very good because never while I was there did I come to understand the peculiar function of all American education at this level. I made the unintelligent mistake of equating American with English needs, as if the two peoples were at the same point geographically, historically and ethnographically. I was always comparing the two systems, naturally finding theirs wanting, and dismissing it out of hand. There is no doubt that English Grammar School boys and girls are culturally far better equipped and vocationally no worse than Americans. But this is not the point. Such comparisons are both odious and futile. To throw light on this let me relate some more features of American High School life which, through misunderstanding, I found irritating or absurd.

I calculated that on average twice a week —in the lower grades more than once a day—

each student would solemnly put his hand on his heart and swear allegiance to the flag of the United States of America. About once a week—again once a day in lower grades—each student would sing *The Star-spangled Banner* after a solemn ceremony of parading the flag. This was particularly dull to me because before each of the fifty to sixty speeches I made to clubs and societies in the neighbourhood the National Anthem was sung and the flag saluted.

There came a day when I began to count the number of times when the word 'democracy' or 'democratic' was dragged into school 'assembly' functions, lectures and the like. I soon gave up. I became very irritable about the innumerable school elections and bombastic electioneering which was allowed to upset my teaching routine. Once when I tore up two voting papers belonging to boys I'd caught illegally canvassing, after I'd repeatedly warned against such practice, the Principal reprieved them over my head and not very tactfully told me: "I guess you don't quite understand our democratic methods."

My equally tactless outbursts to some of my colleagues that, had it not been for America's English parentage, she'd never have tried democracy, made the situation no easier. For one school council election a real automatic voting booth was used for the first time. No other school in up-state New York had ever ventured so far as this. The school authorities made a great fuss about it, the word 'democracy' broke all records that week, the local newspaper ran a special story, I was done the honour of being asked to use the apparatus to record my vote for the officers of the Junior High School. I was profoundly shocked that none of my colleagues appeared to doubt whether this voting-machine could teach a greater sense of civic responsibility than, say, devoting the time spent on the campaign to studying the 'village pump democracy' of early New England.

Of course I was horrified by the sports

At each of the frequent intervals in inter-school team games, a highly trained and uniformed body of cheer-leaders work up enthusiasm, sometimes performing an acrobatic dance for the spectators

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mania, cheer-leading and "pep-rallies", which took up several of my teaching periods, and the ubiquitous brass band. And it staggered me when a well-meaning friend actually invited me to march with this band round the town one night to whip up the residents to a proper state of excitement for the big football game between Hamburg High School and East Aurora High School the following day. On that occasion, in refusing, I made the only explanation which was both honest and uncritical: "You see, I'm English" . . . and I remember vividly and not too proudly the understanding look in my friend's face.

And there's the core of it. I'm English in several ways, but two are especially noteworthy. First, my pride in my country leads me during these days when she is so poor materially in comparison with America to inflate uncritically those English assets which material poverty has not touched. If American wealth is thrown up in my face, I throw back English political maturity, English law and order, English . . . need I go further? We English know them all and many more. Of course I think English education, as I know it, is in a class by itself.

Secondly, I'm English in a way that very few Americans can call themselves American. The most recent foreign intrusion into my ancestry, as far as I know, was French Huguenot of the late 16th century. Nor can I claim precedence in this over a very large percentage of my compatriots. Historical and geographical forces, among others, have conspired to give us nationhood and national unity not only before all American but before all European peoples. We can afford to forget it till it is necessary to remember it, when it comes easily. We can even afford to encourage local cultural loyalties within our national boundaries, while neglecting to encourage the wider patriotism. Americans must remember before all else that they are Americans, because millions of them are not. It has been estimated by their own authorities that the average citizen of the United States is a second generation American: that is to say, that one if not both of his parents emigrated from 'the old country', bringing language, culture and political and national prejudices with them. That is a salutary thought for us coherent British.

To turn heterogeneous Europeans into homogeneous Americans is the prior task of American schools. Only when a foreign teacher realizes this can he begin to understand the American educational system. And this realization brings appreciation. I now assure myself and others that no joint expressions of national loyalty such as the regular flag salutes, no restatement of democratic faith, no celebrations of national independence are superfluous to Americans. Auxiliary to this and to be taken as such are the many effusions so hard on English sensibilities, which promote a sense of community, whether it be a school pep-rally or a businessmen's Convention at Atlantic City. The success of this policy is hardly short of miraculous.

As an example I may cite the case of the Czech boy, recently graduated from High School, recently accepted as an American citizen and recently winner of a scholarship to the great naval college of Annapolis, whom I met in the small multiple store where he was putting in time as an assistant. As he wrapped up my purchase he asked me why I was returning to England. He would not believe I wanted to return. How could anyone prefer any country to the United States? Why, America was great, America was free, America had everything. "Jeeze", he exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "it's wonderful to be an American."

As I left him, I was annoyed that he could have been so obtuse as not to understand my nostalgia, I was hurt that he should dare to insinuate that my country was not free and great. Now I can forgive him for any obtuseness on my account. For he believes, as his children will after him, in a form of freedom in which I believe. He believes in it so strongly that he is ready to fight against his Czech relatives, if need be, to defend it. And there are millions of others as ready. Ideologically so strong, numerically so strong, materially so strong, their side, which is our side, cannot be beaten.

We should be grateful to the American High School for the tremendous contribution it has made to this strength. If there were no hope of raising its cultural level, I admit, since her material leadership induces America to aspire to cultural leadership, that the prospect for Western civilization would be dismal indeed. But there is hope. The era of American national consolidation is almost over. Very soon the emphasis in the schools on flag salutes, national anthems, the outward trappings of responsible self-government, on pep-rallies, on cheer-leading will wane. And because what Americans know that they want is sound, even if they don't know that they haven't got it, the next stage in their education is to get it.